

Puzzle Two

Guided by Voices

Lights from operating floors
Buzzing above
Scrambling all my thoughts
Banging at my bell
Maybe I'm in Hell

As I walk through the streets
That bleed through houses in the night
I'm longing a lift
From a bumper car that missed me

Through all senses seeping through the cracks
Of the killing floor
There's always a mystery
There's always a mystery

So I break into puzzle pieces
Leave in separate shapes
It's a curse, but I insist
A redoing, it's a retold tale

And I feel something creeping in the night
It's a half-gram soul
There's always a mystery
There's always a mystery